

Beginnings and Ends by hma1313

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Summary:

None of them really expected this, but then again, none of them are complaining either.

Beginnings and Ends

Author's Note:

Or: I finished Stranger Things in an afternoon and had Some Thoughts.

Jonathan

The first time Steve kisses him, Jonathan is confused. Steve drags him into an empty corridor when everyone else is making their way out of school and kisses him, the feeling of someone else's lips on his feeling foreign because Jonathan's never kissed anyone before, let alone another boy, let alone Steve Harrington who smashed his camera and called him a pervert and then realized he'd been an asshole, apologized and fought that monster from The Upside Down with them.

"What the –" he starts to say when Steve pulls away, but he's silenced by Steve kissing him again, and for a moment, he lets himself lose himself in the kiss, the feel of Steve's lips on his and Steve's tongue in his mouth and kisses him back, mostly because well, if this is happening, then he's going to make the most of it, and partly because Steve seems like he's enjoying himself too.

"Come over to Nancy's tonight," Steve says. "Tell her mom you're studying with her."

Jonathan's about to say that he doesn't even share any classes with Nancy, that Nancy is streets ahead of him in terms of academic abilities and will probably be valedictorian when they graduate, but there's something about the way Steve tells him to come over and the look in his eyes that suggests working through a calculus textbook for three hours might not be all that's on the agenda for the evening.

"Are you going to be there?" he finds himself asking, and dammit, that was not what he meant to say. He was going to agree and ask if there was anything he needed to bring, but no, he had to mess it up and sound like a desperate teenage girl.

“Maybe,” Steve smirks. “You want me to be?”

“I – yes. No! Maybe. I don’t know.”

Steve smiles and presses a chaste kiss to the corner of Jonathan’s mouth. “See you later, Byers.”

Then he’s gone, and Jonathan is left abandoned in the school corridor, his bag at his feet spilling English notes all over the floor and laughter on his lips as he processes the fact that yes, he did just make out with Steve Harrington.

Nancy’s house is nice, if not a bit generic for Jonathan’s liking. The carpet doesn’t have a burn mark that everyone steps over, the walls are all still intact and there’s no smell of gasoline and smoke clinging to the air like there is back home.

Nancy’s mom smiles when he arrives, asks him how his mom and Will are, offers him food and drink before telling him to make his way upstairs to Nancy’s bedroom. If she notices he doesn’t have his school bag with him, she doesn’t comment.

Steve kisses him when he lets himself into Nancy’s room, and okay, apparently that’s a thing now. He looks at Nancy, expecting her to be disgusted or disappointed or something, but instead she just laughs slightly to herself and pats the empty space of bed between her and Steve, motioning for him to sit down.

So he sits, staring at his hands and wondering what on earth possessed him to come here.

Then Nancy takes his hands, turns him to face her and kisses him. It’s different than Steve, her lips are delicate and soft where Steve’s are dry and chapped from the winter weather, but he enjoys it all the same, because this is Nancy and he’s liked her for far longer than he’d care to admit.

“You like us, right?” she asks when she pulls away. “Me and Steve?”

“Yeah,” he says, his voice sounding kind of hoarse. “Why?”

“You want to carry on kissing me and Steve?”

He finds himself nodding. “Good,” Nancy grins, leaning in to kiss him again. “Because we’d really like that too.”

Of course, it’s not just kissing, though. They’re three teenagers crazy with hormones and the knowledge that this thing with the three of them isn’t what most would define as a healthy or normal relationship but damn it, it feels great so they carry on anyway.

The first time he goes down on Nancy, Jonathan doesn’t know what the hell he’s doing but it must be good from the way Nancy is arching her back and whispering “fuck, fuck, fuck” like it’s a reverent prayer. He places kisses down the inside of her thighs and fingers her, feeling the heat and wetness against his skin. His other hand is on her chest, circling her breasts and dancing lightly across her body.

She’s breathing heavily, and her breath hitches when Jonathan finds her clit, shortly followed by a string of “fuck, shit, fuck”. Her thighs are shaking and she wipes a hand across her face, looking completely blissed out from her orgasm.

It barely registers, though, because Steve is pushing him up the bed and undoing his belt buckle, pulling his jeans and boxers down. He kisses him once before he goes down on him, and there’s a thought that flows through Jonathan’s head that goes something along the lines of how Steve really seems to know what he’s doing, but it’s quickly dismissed by thoughts of how fucking good it feels. Jonathan’s never had a blow job before, but this seems a damn good place to start.

Later, after Nancy’s given Steve a hand job and everyone’s satisfied, they lie across Jonathan’s bed in a tangle of limbs, and for a while, everything seems right in the world.

Steve

Steve’s parents go away a lot. His dad flies across the country for

Important Business Meetings and his mom is either accompanying his dad or out spending his money in LA or New York. It's great, though, because it means he can hang out with Nancy and Jonathan without worrying about being interrupted.

Jonathan brings the camera they got him for Christmas and takes pictures of them in the pool and in bed together, candids of Nancy when she's laughing at something Steve said, and then Steve borrows the camera and takes pictures of Jonathan, because "the world needs to see the photograher too." They develop wonderfully, and Steve has one of them tacked to his noticeboard amongst flyers for prom and strips from the photobooth.

Jonathan is over for the weekend, supplied with five rolls of film and a box of condoms. Nancy is two states over visiting a college, so it's just the two of them, but Steve likes it just as much when it's just him and Jonathan as opposed to when there's all three of them.

Him and Jonathan haven't really fucked yet. They've both fucked Nancy and they've both sucked each other off and given each other hand jobs, but they haven't really fucked. They haven't really spoken about it either, but Steve's pretty sure it's been silently agreed that they were going to save it for when they were alone, so that's it's something just for the two of them.

Steve prepares them dinner, homemade pizza that his mom taught him back when he was thirteen and hasn't forgotten since. Jonathan snaps pictures as Steve's up to his elbows in pizza dough and as he's sprinkling cheese over the tops of the pizzas, as they're eating and Steve's got tomato sauce running down his chin, as they're doing the washing up and there's a mountain of bubbles in the bowl because Steve put too much washing up liquid in. Jonathan takes so many he runs out of film and runs upstairs to replace the roll.

Jonathan takes pictures as Steve's undressing, and Steve gets frustrated for a moment before taking the camera from Jonathan's hands and photographs Jonathan lying across his bed with his shirt off. Jonathan laughs and Steve takes more, trying to make sure it's all in focus but he's not a hundred percent sure what he's doing with the camera and he's also very aware of the way Jonathan's hands are pushing his boxers down his thighs, so he sets the camera down on

the bedside table and retrieves the lube and condoms.

“You wanna...?” Jonathan asks when he sees what’s lying on the bed sheets.

“Yeah,” Steve nods. “That okay?”

“Definitely.” Jonathan leans in to kiss him, and from then on it’s fumbling teenage hands desperate not to lose contact with each other, hands running over each other’s bodies like they might disappear at any given moment. Steve opens the lube and spreads a generous amount over his fingers, slowing pressing the first finger inside Jonathan’s once he’s given Steve a nod. It’s different from fingering Nancy, very different, but it’s a good different. As he adds more fingers, Jonathan begins to get more restless, and by the end, he practically shouts at Steve, “Jesus Christ, just fuck me already!”

“Alright then,” Steve grins, rolling the condom on and spreading more lube over himself and kissing Jonathan. “If you insist.”

Jonathan moans, and at first Steve can’t tell if it’s from pleasure or pain, but then Jonathan is urging him to go faster and that’s something Steve can definitely do. Briefly, he wonders what Nancy’s doing right now, maybe watching a movie and eating take out with her mom in their hotel room, but then Jonathan moans again beneath him and, well. That’s all that really matters at the moment.

Jonathan comes, shooting over the both their stomachs, and Steve isn’t far behind, collasping onto Jonathan’s shoulder as he pulls out and throws the condom in the general direction of the waste paper bin. Steve kisses him and then pulls out of bed towards the shower, because they really need to clean up right now.

They fuck again the next morning before Jonathan leaves, and Steve tells him that they’ll definitely have to try it when Nancy’s around.

“Yeah,” Jonathan says, tucking his camera safely into his bag. “Definitely.”

Nancy finds them making out in the dark room at school on Monday

lunch, and they spring apart when the door opens, then relaxing when they realize who it is.

“See you two had no trouble occupying yourselves when I was gone,” she smirks as she tilts her head to look at the photographs drying on the line. “Did you have a good weekend?”

“Yeah,” Steve says, smiling at Jonathan in the red light of the room. “Definitely.”

Nancy

Nancy feels so lucky. Most girls dream of having one boyfriend, and here she is with two. Sometimes it's just her and Steve, sometimes it's her and Jonathan, sometimes it's Jonathan and Steve, and sometimes it's all three of them. The times when it's the three of them are the best because there's nothing quite like receiving pleasure from the two boys you love at the same time.

Like now, when Steve is fingering her and Jonathan is rubbing her clit, working together in such a synchronised rhythm that she's coming embarrassingly quickly, moaning with a hand clapped over her mouth because although her parents are out having dinner, Mike's in the basement with his friends and there's some things thirteen year old ears don't need to hear.

Some people at school look at them strangely when they see them together, like they know something's going on but no one dares say anything about it. She's heard stories of Steve getting caught kissing Jonathan in the locker room when they thought everyone was already out on the pitch and she's heard the things they say about her, that she's a slut, that she's a whore, that she's a freak for sleeping with them both, that she's probably a cover up for Jonathan and Steve's relationship, which although is kind of accurate, it's not true either.

It's a small town, so her mom hears the rumours.

“Nancy,” she says gently one Wednesday evening, “can we talk?”

“Sure.” Nancy sets aside the book they’re reading in English at the moment and her mom comes in and sits down on the edge of her bed, a worried smile on her face and a look that says she’s about to ask some difficult questions.

“I was in town today and I overhead some girls in the store,” she says. “They were talking about you, Steve and Jonathan.”

“So?”

Her mom sighs. “So they said some things that I wasn’t quite sure what to make of.” She pauses for a moment, taking a few deep breaths. “Honey, they said Jonathan and Steve are sleeping together. Now I know it’s probably just the rumour mill or whatever but I thought you should know, because I know you really like Steve, but I —”

“Mom.” Nancy cuts across her mid sentence. “I know, okay? I know.”

“You know? But how are you okay with your boyfriend sleeping with another boy? I don’t understand, sweetie.”

“Mom, they’re —” Nancy pauses, unsure of how to proceed, unsure of how her mom will react to the truth. “They’re both my boyfriends, okay? Both Steve and Jonathan. And Steve and Jonathan are together too. We’re all together, Mom. All three of us.”

Her mom looks shocked, and Nancy can’t really blame her. “All three of you?” she eventually repeats.

“Yes, all three of us.”

Her mom forces a smile onto her face. “Well, as long as you’re happy, honey.”

They graduate high school, and although Nancy isn’t valedictorian (it goes to a guy called Drew who is president of both the math and debate team), it’s still a really good day. It’s crazy that their time in high school has come to an end, and that night when they’re sat around Steve’s pool with a few beers and a stolen bottle of vodka,

thought turns to what will happen once they start college. Jonathan is going to NYU, as is Steve (Nancy doesn't dwell too long on that), but Nancy's going to Yale. How she got in, she's not entirely sure, but she doesn't want to throw away her education and turn down a place at an Ivy League school for two boys she may or may not be in love with.

"It's not like Yale's that far away from NYU," Steve reasons as he sips beer. "You can come down and visit."

"Yeah," she echoes, pouring herself a shot of vodka and swallowing it down, trying to ignore the taste. "Sure."

"Seriously, Nancy," Jonathan chips in, "just because we're going to be together and you're not going to be there doesn't mean it has to be the end of us. I certainly don't want it to be."

"Me neither," Steve says, and finally, Nancy smiles.

She's still smiling later when Steve's fucking Jonathan and Jonathan's fucking her. It won't be the same when they go to college, she knows that, but they've got the entire summer to enjoy themselves before that happens – and damn it, Nancy is definitely going to enjoy it, because she's going to miss having this just a phone call away when she goes.

"I love you," she whispers when they've all climaxed, tears running down her face. "I love you both so much."

It may well be the end, but somehow, it's the beginning.

Author's Note:

hang out with me on [tumblr](#) for a questionable mix of fandoms and ships